

DUKE OF ESSEX ST.

AGAIN 2D AV. MAYOR

Denies He Won by Giving
Out Cigars to Make
Voters Dizzy.

BALLOT COUNT 67 TO 64

Gives Credit to Palm Beach
Suit, but Deplores Loss
of Law Books.

TELEGRAPHS TO DUCHESS

Madinski, Losing Candidate,
Threatens to Appeal to
Gov. Miller.

"You can say that the result is no more than what I had confidently expected," said the Duke of Essex street, turning for a moment from the congratulations of his sixty-seven friends to meet the interviewer who had been sent to the East Side to obtain accurate data upon the Duke's reelection as Mayor of Second Avenue.

"I would like to say also," continued the Duke, glancing at a second mortgage on some first class property in Livingston street, "that there is nothing in the charge by my opponent, Josef Madinski, for whom I have the greatest admiration, that the cigars provided at the polls this morning were so strong that they puzzled the voters and made the names on the ballots look dizzy. The cigars which I distributed at my home at Long Beach and Riverside Drive are nothing but the finest Havana, which, I submit, is an unsurpassable tobacco that Mr. Rockefeller could not get any better if he tried."

"The figures indicate, Mr. Levy, that the vote was quite close, and some bets were laid last week that Josef Madinski would be the next Mayor," it was suggested.

Big Changes Occurred.

"The situation has greatly changed since that time, as the results prove," the Duke said with dignity. "I will admit that when I was there for the World's Fair, which was a fine collection of sample goods, you couldn't understand the people very well. But of course they may have improved since then—you never can tell."

Jacob Moretsky, chairman of the board of elections, interrupted at this point to state that he had absolutely refused to consider Josef's protest that the election was a frameup and that unless a second election was held on August 14 he would take the question up with Gov. Miller, which would be a good excuse to take a night trip on the boat with Mrs. Madinski to Albany and maybe go up into the Catskills, where a lot of his friends spend the summer.

Owing to the Hirschhorn's saloon having been closed by the Eighteenth Amendment, although one can still sit in the side door, the election was held in the Duke's law offices directly across the street. Josef Madinski made no objection, provided he could have Felix O'Brien and "Bottles" Finkelstein for inspectors and as the election proceeded, the Duke's law office was transformed into a semi-coma, with a cigar butt brisily burning on the table beside him, and "Bottles" Finkelstein said, had some one to take the place of the Duke.

"It is possible," exclaimed Josef, "that the election polls are open at this early hour? I understand the Duke has not yet arrived from his legal residence in Long Beach, which I may say is where he belongs, and I was given to understand that the election should not take place until 10 o'clock."

"The Duke," replied the chairman, "is in the next room dictating to his second stenographer. Your protest is out of order. The election will proceed. The ballots are open."

"I also observe," continued Josef, "that there are no glass sides to the ballot boxes."

"There will be no protests while I am chairman," commanded Jake Moretsky. "The election will proceed."

Cigars Are Free for All.

The election proceeded, with Josef becoming more and more disgruntled as he smoked one by one the cigars which were in an open box on the table, until 11 o'clock, when the polls were closed and the ballots counted. They showed sixty-four votes for Josef and sixty-seven votes for the Duke. The three extra votes, Madinski said, were ringers from Long Beach, but the Duke, paying no heed to his opponent, mounted the chair.

"My friends and constituents, I am glad to be with you again. I am here to give you good, but, boys, there is one favor I would like to ask you. Please bring back those eleven law books some body swiped during the election."

"And now if you will excuse me," continued the Duke, "I will send a telegram to the Duchess at Long Beach, which is only my summer home, telling her of the election. I would like to say also that I have no intention of retiring from politics, even though I have been elected Mayor of Second Avenue."

"Although, as I say," added the Duke as an afterthought, "I hope there will never be anything that will take me from Essex Market Court and out to the boys on the old East Side. To show my gratitude for what you have done for me, I am going to recite the following little poem which I made up while waiting for dinner one night at a swell hotel at Long Beach:

"Take me never out of Essex
To the country with the trees,
Where it's always awful lonesome
And the people ain't my sort;
Nothing rural can beguile me
From the Essex Market Court,
After which the Duke went out and dictated a telegram to Mrs. Joe Levy, 128 Chester street, Long Beach.

LONG BEACH STAGED
LIKE THEATER SHOW

Costumes by Hewing to the Line, Scenery by the Bye
and Every One, From Those With Coats of Arms
(Dice Rampant) to Coats of Tan in the Cast,
Acting Up to the Audience.

Almost every word of the following survey of Long Beach is true. It is entirely possible that The New York Herald's beachcombing reporter was given a bit of unreliable information here and there. Certain staggering statements will be made, but the reader is assured that the reporter spoke to none but the very nicest people on the beach. And they did look honest.

For example, who would have the temerity to doubt Herman Hornblower, famed in the Trouville sector as the Platypus Boy, and who says that if he had his rights he would have a bathing beach of his own on the Black Sea and be known as the Duc de Constanta? And who would fall to believe Prince Winsor, the Countess du Lynche, the Duke of Arverne and other members of Long Beach nobility? Long Beach is full of titled folks. And they're not all like the Duke of Arverne, who isn't a duke and who knows that everybody knows that he's not a duke.

Prince Winsor arrived on the beach yesterday in a blue silk bathing suit (imported), a blue silk (imported) cap to match, blue beach shoes also imported and a scarlet bathrobe, imported from Paris only a week ago. The Prince will not wear a stitch that isn't imported. In fact, the Prince is a recent importation himself. He is accompanied by Mlle. Destorte, late Countess of Rossieny, if you will take her card for it. The Countess wears precisely what the Prince wears, neither more nor less of it, and a butterfly had been painted at the nape of her neck.

"Hit Him, Papa!"

But to get going again, the reader is assured that except where the most reliable sources of information failed a trifle, everything related herein may be accepted as the truth. The reporter began by being almost run over by a yellow and blue motor car. He was on his way to the beach. It was impossible to tell whether the car was blue with yellow stripes or yellow with blue stripes. At any rate the stripes ran vertically. There were six persons in the car, all in bathing suits that exactly matched the car.

Probably nobility. They had the bored air of folks who have seen too much. In the front seat beside papa, who was driving, sat mamma, who suggested gross tonnage and took, in her vertical stripes of blue and yellow, like a camouflage globe. Papa didn't even shift his cigar as the reporter dodged. The car went hurtling by. From the rear seat, where the flappers sat, came the languid question:

"Hit him, papa?"

The beach was crowded. To begin with, this seems to be only public bathing beach not demoralized by rules. There appears to be one rule and no so far as observation and inquiry divulged no more. That one rule is that you must muzzle your dog if you take him on the beach. Whether the rule was made to protect the dog or the bathers was not known by any of the police.

Just why anybody should go to Atlantic City with Long Beach only an hour away is a mighty problem—unless, of course, bathing is desired. The girls and their living female ancestors all wear one piece swimming suits. They used to wear the Annette Kellermann suit; that is, the one piece affair with a fringe of skirt belted around the waist. But they discarded them ever since one of the girls in the crowd fell set almost drowned in one of them.

"How do you expect anybody to swim weighted down with all that wet cloth?" said one of the girls.

And nobody has taken a chance in a Kellermann since. Now they wear nothing but one piece affairs and, to make doubly safe, they stay out of the water. The Duke of Arverne, the Platypus Boy, why so many of the girls never entered the water.

"That one," for instance, I asked, "the one in the crimson suit, with the white satin cap and the white silk shoes? Why don't she go in?"

"If you were shaped like that," demanded Herman, "would you go in?"

Frank has a Reason.

Despite the fact that bathing isn't as popular as it is at Atlantic City there is an active and snappy beach patrol. The head of this patrol is an actor who started life in Philadelphia as an undertaker. This actor cannot swim. When he applied for the job of head of the beach patrol the Mayor said:

"But, Frank, you can't swim."

"Makes no difference," replied Frank. "I hafta be chief of the beach patrol. Besides Gen. Pershing was never gassed either, but they made him our General, and, anyway, I hafta be chief of the beach patrol."

"The chief of the beach patrol must be a swimmer, according to the rules and—"

"Makes no difference; I hafta be chief of the beach patrol, that's all. Makes no difference, I hafta."

"Well, why do you hafta?"

"I hafta whisper it to you."

"No, Frank, that won't do. We don't care what you told that girl. That was your own lookout. You shouldn't tell girls stuff you can't make good on."

"All right," said Frank, "all right. If I can't be chief of the beach patrol I'll take my chorus away from Long Beach."

So they made Frank chief of the beach patrol.

The Beach Proper.

It seems that there are two sets on the beach proper. There are, of course, the conventional folk of the bungalow colony down along the eastern end of the beach. Then there is the Lido Golf Club set and there is an exclusive set known up the beach as "the Greeks."

Many of the Greeks have no bathing suits. They are simple souls and their problems will be dealt with in a simple manner. A. C. Delaney, who is the head of the Limbs of Frankie Bailey?

"Oh, dear, no," replies the lady in the green costume who, Sunday described as insufficient to pad a crutch, was a shotgun or make breeches for a humming bird. "Oh, dear, no. I carried them troupers as far as Pittsburgh where it's always awful lonesome."

And the people ain't my sort; Nothing rural can beguile me From the Essex Market Court, After which the Duke went out and dictated a telegram to Mrs. Joe Levy, 128 Chester street, Long Beach.

LIVING WON'T TELL
TO STAB HIM

Victim, Taken to Hospital,
Refuses to Give Police
Any Explanation.

BANDITS LOOT 3 TILLS

One White Light District
Cashier Holds Out Even
Though Shot.

TWO POLICEMEN BEATEN

Hold On to Their Prisoner in
Harlem Negro District Un-
til Aid Comes.

Henry Messer, 33, of 240 East Ninetieth street, was stabbed in the chest by an unidentified assailant in East Ninetieth street yesterday morning, and was taken to Reception Hospital dying. He refused to give the police the name of the man who had attacked him, or to give any explanation of the affair.

Policemen of the East 104th street station reported that they saw a crowd gathered, and when they arrived Messer was lying on the street. The crowd scattered as the policemen approached.

Bandits Loot Three Tills.

Four bandits left a trail of empty tills along Broadway during an early morning holdup ride in which four restaurants were visited in succession and several hundred dollars stolen.

The men worked efficiently and with the exception of one holdup in which they fired upon the cashier they created little excitement. In another instance they accomplished their purpose so casually that the proprietor who was standing within a few feet of the cash register was unaware that anything out of the way had occurred.

David Epstein, the elderly cashier of the Aphorism Restaurant, at Broadway and Sixty-fourth street, was fired upon by the bandits, but saved his employer's money by locking the cash register.

"Oh, mamma!" protested the mature flapper.

"Well, have I?" demanded mamma.

"Is there anything wrong with style? I ain't seen her since I sent her that statement for two evening gowns and one imported wrap?"

"Slipped her mind, in all probability," laughed La Jaune Fougue, Ltd., "My own customers are that way now and then. But don't do any worrying. Mrs. Madge. She'll come across. But she is awful absent minded. I was to meet her on the beach at three and here it is four."

"Maybe," conceded the unconvinced Mrs. Madge (costumer to the profession; high grade work a specialty), "La Jaune Fougue, Ltd., bowed and continued his stroll, and the center of interest became a massive young woman in a cream colored one-piece, whose hair was held up by the ordinary suspender garters. In the first place the presence of stockings on this young woman was sufficient to attract attention. Stockings are not common. But the suspender garters were a blow to the tip of the chin, as stays are not worn."

"Where do you suppose she anchors the upper end of those garters to?" demanded a lady under the second canopy.

"Why don't you ask her?"

"To my ears, dearie, my ears," sang the sensation, who had overheard the question.

Within the Bag.

Along came a little man with a globular paunch. It is presumed that he wore a complete bathing-suit, but only the upper part was visible. It was of decent gray and hung from his shoulders like a smock that had been the property of a man a foot taller and fifty pounds heavier. He was looking beneath the boardwalk through the sort of spectacles worn only by the most near sighted of individuals. There was a hunted look about the poor man. He was hugging a large and obviously heavy traveling bag.

He seemed conscious of nothing except that bag. Eventually he ducked beneath the boardwalk. A crowd of spectators followed him. The crowd drew nearer. The cork was drawn with the teeth. Into the cupped palm of his left hand the little fellow poured a little of the stuff. At that point the intense disgust of the audience, he began rubbing it upon his round, hairless skull. Hair restorer! Then he rubbed his nose and forehead with the stuff, closed the bag, covered it with sand. Thus prepared, the little man waddled into the surf, knee deep, while his smock flled and fluttered in the breeze.

Having looked them over it seems that the crowd down in front of the Nassau is the trade set, while the Trouville element is the artists' colony. The talk indicated that the former set had a credit of \$100 held upon the latter.

The urge toward coats of arms prompted an actor to have emblazoned upon the door of the silvered body of his motor car a pair of dice rampant, upon a two dollar bill field. The motto was "Shoot the Piece." A criminal racer bore upon its side an obsequious cupid scattering roses. Beneath it were the words "Success, Cattle Delaney."

But let us go on to view the Greeks. The Greeks hold forth on the stretch of beach between the Lido Links and Nassau. They don't care what they affect. They don't care what they wear. Further along a group of children disported themselves in the surf.

Ever have any kinks about this nude stuff? The reporter asked one of the men.

"Sure," was the reply, "but we don't invite nobody here, so anybody who gets shocked has nobody to blame but themselves."

"Well, it seems as though a little privacy—"

"Whaddya mean privacy?" retorted the Greek. "We ain't got nothing to hide."

It is hard to tell where The New York Herald's reporter will go next Sunday. The editors can't agree. One suggests Narragansett Pier. Another says Long Beach. A third would make it Coney Island. Still others think it would be better were the reporter to stay home. So there is no telling.

TURTLE GOES TWO TO EIGHT
MILES FOR TOMATO FEAST

Scientific Men Puzzled Over Reptile's Return to New
Jersey Garden After Crossing Delaware River
Rapids and Ranges of Hills.

It is ripe tomato time in the Rittenhouse garden at Milford, near Burlington, N. J., and "Testudo," the famous traveling turtle of Milford, has returned from one of his long journeys to enjoy the feast. For nine years this tortoise, one of the most noted among scientific men of any of the Testudinidae family in America, has been appearing in the garden of Wilson Rittenhouse in the tomato season, returning from distances of two to eight miles, crossing rivers and large hills with a strange homing instinct.

Each time the reptile has returned the Rittenhouses have allowed it to gorge itself on tomatoes for a few days, then have carried it to some distant point and left it to wander back home. Mr. Rittenhouse first picked the turtle in his tomato patch in 1913, when he carried his initials and the date on its under shell. When the turtle began to tear down vines to get at the tomatoes Mr. Rittenhouse carried it to Mount Pleasant and released it. Back over the hills came the turtle, covering three miles before the end of the summer. This time the Milford man took the turtle to the Rittenhouse home on the Frenchtown road. But as the first tomatoes

EIGHT BATHERS DIE,
MANY ARE RESCUED

Two Boys and a Man Are Vic-
tims at Rockaway
Beach.

Seven persons were drowned and another died of injuries sustained in diving at bathing resorts in and around New York yesterday. Numerous rescues were recorded.

William McNamara, aged 10, of 186 Bay Eighty-seventh street, Rockaway Beach, got beyond his depth when playing in the water of Jamaica Bay and was drowned. William Coffey, aged 19, who lived on Park avenue, between Manhattan and Ninety-fourth street, Manhattan, met a similar fate when bathing in the ocean off Beach. Eighty-fifth street. Both bodies were recovered. Samuel Bellet, aged 23, of 176 Beach Seventy-ninth street, sustained a fractured skull and fractured neck when his head struck bottom after he had dived from a spile at the foot of Beach Seventy-ninth street. He died later in the Rockaway Beach Hospital.

Patrolmen Patrick Walsh and Timothy O'Connor of Traffic B were walking along the ocean front at Beach 109th street when they heard cries for help raised by two men a hundred feet from shore. Both were rescued, one being Patrolman Owen Smith of Traffic A and the other Maurice Dwyer, aged 34, of 244 East Eighty-ninth street, Manhattan.

Charles M. Saur, aged 32, of 1630 Cole street, Wilkesburg, Pa., a suburb of Pittsburgh, was drowned off the foot of Main street, City Island, a few hours after he had arrived in Edgewater camp there to pass his vacation with his friend, Carl A. Krum, and family, of 240 East Eighty-ninth street. He was overcome by exhaustion when in bathing with Krum and drowned before he could be rescued. His body was recovered.

Frank Kenzel, aged 18, of 25 Washington street, West Orange, N. J., was drowned in the surf at Seabright, N. J., yesterday after he had sacrificed his life preserver to assist in the rescue of two women bathers. Kenzel could not swim, but was paddling about near the shore with the life preserver, keeping him afloat when he heard the cries of Mrs. Catherine Dyer and her daughter, Marie, of Orange, who were caught beneath the lines. Two other young men went to the rescue of the two women and Wenzel threw his life preserver to them. They got the women safely ashore, with the aid of the life preserver. Then it was found that Kenzel had drowned. His body was washed ashore half an hour later.

Frederick Altman, aged 19, of 692 Knickerbocker avenue, Brooklyn, was drowned at Bergen Beach, Brooklyn. His companions said he probably was disabled by cramps.

Miss Alma Hanzel, aged 31, a school teacher, of 221 West 134th street, died of drowning in the surf off Point Pleasant, N. J. She and five companions, all living in New York, went to Point Pleasant for a day's outing. Soon after they had gone into the water their cries attracted persons on the beach, but before they could be reached Miss Hanzel had drowned. Her friends were rescued by men on a sail boat and were taken to Belmont. Miss Hanzel's body was recovered.

William Lindenmeyer, who went in bathing at Coney Island with his brother-in-law, Philip Gallagher, aged 59, of 31 Rouse street, Brooklyn, reported to life guards that he had suddenly lost trace of Gallagher. The guards found his body floating several yards off shore.

Lillian Baer, aged 18, of 2827 West Twenty-fourth street, Coney Island, and Mrs. Mary Boyce, 37, of 111 Fifty-seventh street, were rescued by life guards after they had become exhausted.

YONKERS POLICE CHASE
DEER TEARING UP LAWNS

Buck Escapes and Doe Killed
Butting Stone Wall.

Two deer, a buck and a doe, tore up several lawns in Yonkers yesterday afternoon and led the Yonkers police an exciting chase.

The police got a telephone call early in the afternoon that the deer were eating flowers and trampling the shrubbery at the home of John P. Brennan, chief counsel for James A. Stillman in her divorce case. Capt. Daniel Shea sent out several policemen with lariats and instructed them to rope the deer if possible. They found the deer had moved across the street to the home of George T. Kelly, contractor, at 219 North Broadway. From there the animals went to the grounds of Edward S. Perot, Sr., 279 North Broadway.

Then the doe started toward the Croton aqueduct and the buck up North Broadway, the latter pursued by Patrolman McGrath on a motorcycle. McGrath lost the buck at Graystone, the estate of Samuel Entenmeyer.

The doe became bewildered and ran through the glass door in the home of John B. Davis, 187 Woodworth avenue, and fell into the hallway. Policemen Wilson and Van Meter picked it up and took it outside. The deer broke away from them and dashed its head against a wall, dying in a few minutes.

It is believed that the deer escaped from the grounds at the home of Mrs. Burke on the Post road at Hastings, the Rockefeller estate, where some preserve flocks on the Hudson Valley.

GYPSY COUPLE WED
IN ROYAL ROMANCE

Procession of Prince and
South American Princess
Dazzles Flushing.

Flushing was treated to a dazzling spectacle yesterday afternoon when a procession of more than a hundred gypsies, in their gayest raiment and weighted down with flashy necklaces, glittering bracelets and ponderous earbobs, moved through the streets on their way to the Church of St. Nicholas of Tolentine. It was the wedding day of Pete Molt, 19, eldest son of John Molt, king of a band of nomads encamped temporarily on the Union turnpike, between Jamaica and Flushing, and Rosa Stephens, 19, a pretty South American princess, member of a tribe that roams that country. They obtained a license at the Queens marriage license bureau Saturday, and under a special dispensation granted by

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Bishop Edward Molloy of the Brooklyn diocese of the Catholic Church was permitted to marry in the Church of St. Nicholas of Tolentine yesterday without the customary two weeks' banns. The party walked from the camp to the church, half a mile, the procession being led by no less a personage than King John himself. The bride and bridegroom were next in line and others of the camp, including the children, brought up the rear. The marriage was performed by the Rev. Father E. J. Marfaugh, pastor of the church, and the king, in the absence of a relative, gave the princess in marriage to his son. After the ceremony the party rode in automobiles to the Jamaica race track, where they were joined by members of three other gypsy bands camping on Long Island. The remainder of the day was spent in celebrating the wedding.

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